



# Three Singers

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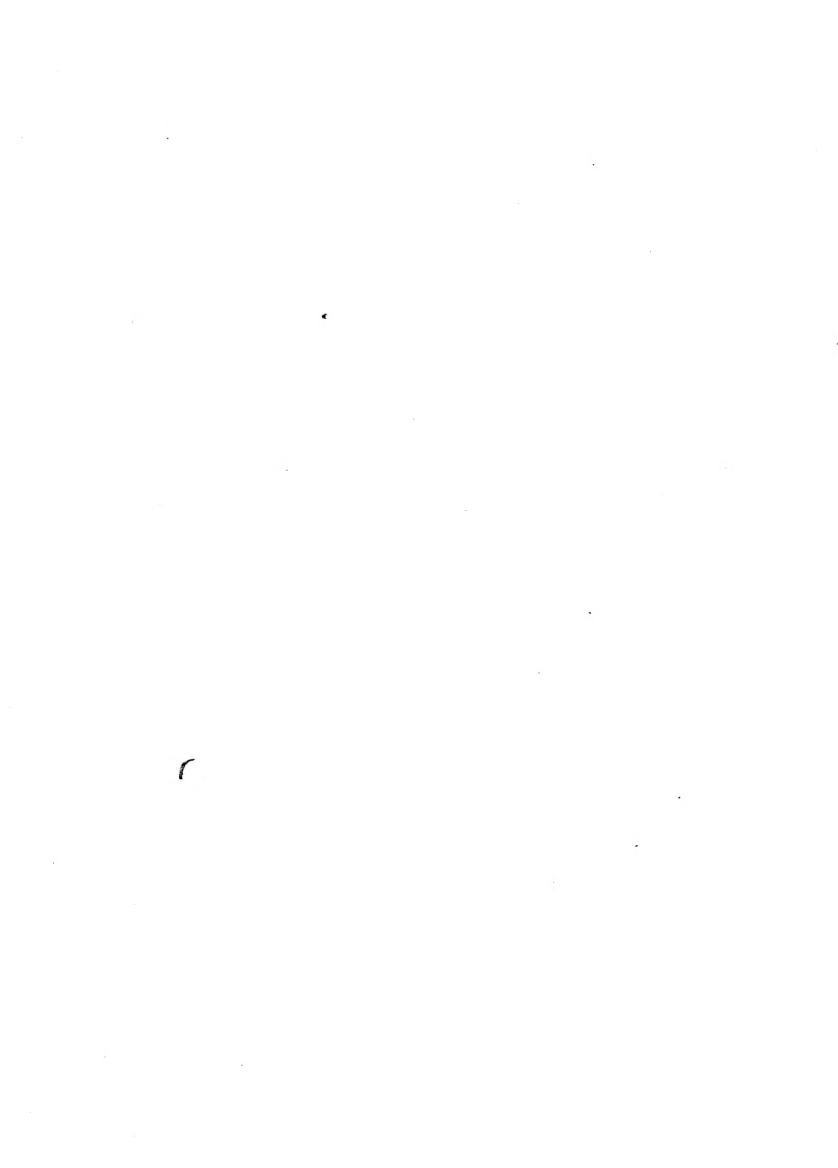
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# THREE SINGERS

BY

*Wm* MARY EARLE HARDY.

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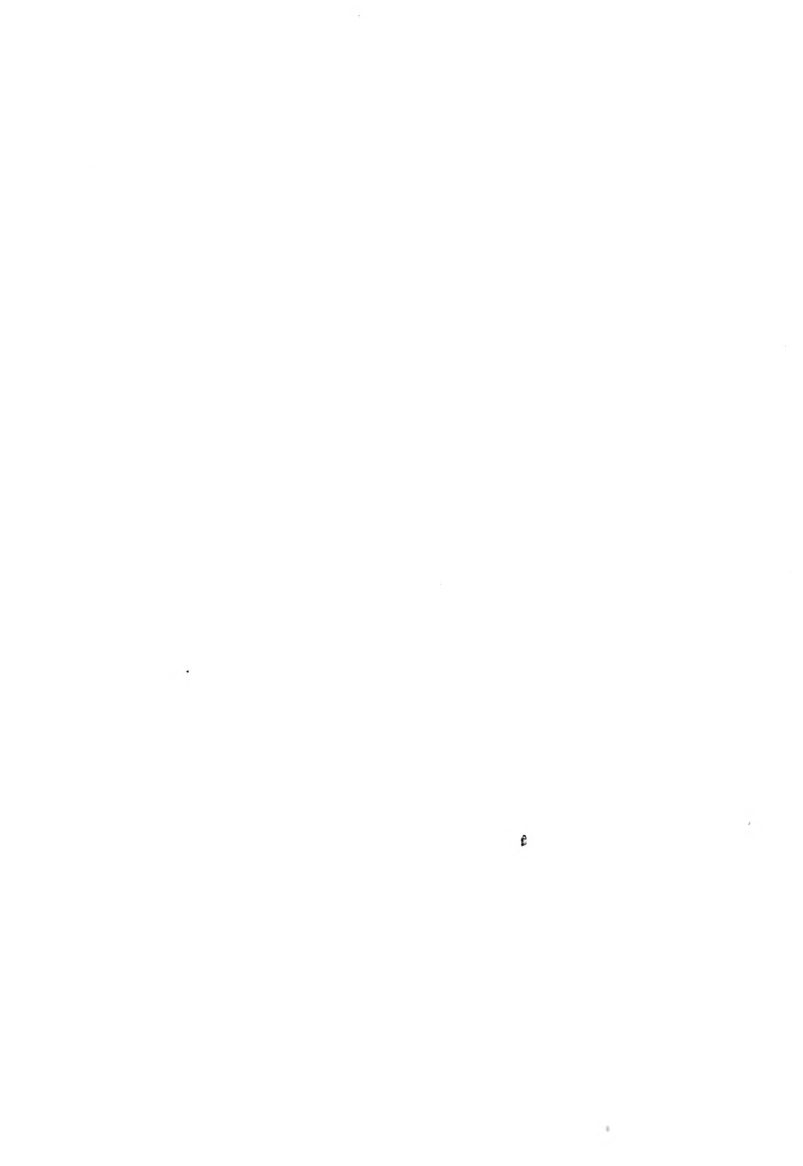
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“Originally there were three muses worshiped on  
Mount Helicon, namely:

*Melete* (Meditation),

*Mneme* (Memory)

and  *Aoide* (Song).”





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# MELETE.

In the Border-Land of Dreams.

**To the Seer:**

What waters sing and sunsets teach,  
Write thou in thy scroll.  
The world but sees the form of things;  
Thou shalt see their soul.

### Of Christ in Galilee.

What if an olive leaf blew down  
And touched His face—His hand—  
And other leaves in happy whirl  
Made cool the beaten sand,  
Piled soft the rocky strand;  
O olive leaves so frail and gray!  
I love you for your deed that day.

What if fair Huleh lilies bent  
Their urns of spicery  
To anoint His feet, in homage meet,  
That they should mentioned be  
In His sweet sermonry;  
O lilies! sweeter evermore  
Are all, for this the love ye bore.

What if the winds from Lebanon  
Blew down to Nazareth,  
Just for their longing but to touch  
His temples' clustering wreath  
With sweetly cooling breath;  
O winds! but touch our eyelids dim  
With healing that ye caught from Him.

What if the tides of Galilee  
Were drawn about His feet,  
Gave all the white-bowed waves assent  
To His commandments sweet,  
And ceased their angry beat;  
O wind-swept sea of Galilee!  
My Master's footsteps hallowed thee.

What if the weary multitudes,  
Like waves of Galilee,  
Were drawn about His sinless feet  
And knew sweet ministry,  
Grew calm like restful sea;  
O Christ! give Thou such peace to me  
As once to storm-tossed Galilee.

---

### Wherefore?

Far amid the crested mountains  
There are caverns dark and deep,  
Where a beauty speech transcending,  
Has for aeons lain asleep;  
Never mortal foot has sullied  
Stainless parapets of snow  
Hanging o'er the unentered portals  
Where these jeweled altars glow.



Wherefore were such temples builded  
Far from any mortal ken?  
Are there eyes that read these gospels  
Other than the eyes of men?  
'Tis as if the grand old Cosmos,  
Tho' she work in hidden spot,  
Has a *Truth* that she must utter  
Whether men shall know or not.

---

### Legend of the Moss Rose.

Pleasant is the legend olden  
Of the moss-rose—veiled flower—  
Prized above our lilies golden,  
Peer and queen in Flora's bower.

Once, 'tis said, the Saviour, weary,  
While His feet the hot sands pressed,  
Wandered thro' a desert dreary  
Finding neither joy nor rest;

Cruel thorns His tired feet wounded  
'Till their blood-stains marked the sand,  
Satan's host His soul surrounded  
Tempting Him on every hand.

Yet He fell not—He the sinless—  
And the powers of darkness fled,  
Then came Heaven's approving witness,  
And His soul was comforted.

Straight His torn feet press sweet mosses  
Where but burning sands had lain,  
Soft they wipe with dewy tresses  
From each cruel wound the stain.

Breathed He then a blessing holy  
O'er the mosses cool and sweet,  
Spreading in their worship lowly  
Dewy velvet for His feet;

Scarcely had the words been spoken  
When the moss-tuft burst apart  
And there sprang as Heaven's token  
Stainless roses from its heart.

Ne'er before had grown such flower  
E'en in Sharon's valley fair,  
Ne'er a blossom held as dower  
Fragrance so above compare:

Mossy-veiled and dew-besprinkled,  
Fit for angel's garment hem,  
Pure as stars that whitely twinkled,  
Hung each rose, a diadem.

### **The Glory of the Sky.**

Where were the glorious colors born,  
The jasper, sapphire, emerald, gold,  
Chalcedony in shining fold,  
That garnished all the sky at morn?

The sardius, beryl, chrysolite,  
The topaz, jacinth, amethyst,  
That burned beyond the wreathing mist  
And glorified the sky at night?

Were they pure streams of light that fell  
From fair foundations jewel-set  
Along the jasper parapet  
That guards the heavenly citadel?

---

### **Asleep.**

Little baby lies asleep  
In a dream of glory;  
By the light upon her face,  
By the smile that I can trace,  
Half I guess the story  
That the angels tell  
To my baby Belle.

Wide they ope the pearly gates,  
Letting heaven's splendor  
Float adown before her eyes,—  
Half a memory, half surprise—  
While with voices tender,  
New delights they tell  
To my baby Belle.

And they bring her for her mates  
Cherub children holy,  
While an angel fair and tall,  
Purest, sweetest one of all,  
Kisses, bending lowly,  
Brow, like pearl and shell,  
Of my baby Belle;

Whispers that the angels wait  
Close beside her ever;  
That her place is kept above  
By the One whose name is Love,  
Who forgetteth never,  
But delights to dwell  
With my baby Belle;

Tells her how her gardens fair  
Grow each morning fairer;  
And the cherub children bring  
Palms and lilies blossoming,  
But of treasures rarer,  
Tenderly they tell  
To my baby Belle;

Tell her of the crown that waits  
Jewels for its setting,  
Of a wondrous harp of gold  
That her hands shall one day hold,  
Weariness forgetting:  
This, and more they tell  
To my baby Belle.

Little baby fast asleep  
In a dream of glory,  
By the golden light that slips  
Over brow and cheek and lips,  
Do I guess the story  
That the angels tell  
To my baby Belle?

---

**Broken.**

The cup lies broken,  
Spilled the wine.  
The cup was earthen,  
The wine divine!  
The cup lies broken,  
But ere the wine  
To earth has fallen,  
A hand divine  
In richer chalice  
Holds the wine.

### **Rhigi.**

Fair at even Rhigi stood,  
Pure as purest womanhood;  
Wearing on uplifted brow  
Calm of saint with holy vow.

In the dawning's silver mist,  
'Neath a sky of amethyst  
Touched with shades of opaline,  
Rhigi stands a mount divine.

Slowly rides the sun on high,  
Royal bridegroom of the sky!  
Pauses at the morning's gate,  
Lets his steeds of glory wait

That he may behold the grace  
Of Mount Rhigi's saintly face;  
Scarce we breathe for joy of heart  
While in awe we stand apart,

Knowing that the one who waits  
At the glowing eastern gates,  
Shall with his divine caress  
Crown her silent saintliness:—

O'er her brow a flush is spread,  
Hanging mists their jewels shed,  
On a cloud her white feet bide,  
Stands Mount Rhigi glorified!

---

**Death of Mary of Bethany.**

In the early dawn of morning  
Ere the silver stars have set,  
Angels set their wings of glory  
O'er the Mount of Olivet;

There one lieth by a casement,  
Looking upward to the skies,  
Faith and love alike are blinded  
In the sweetness of her eyes;

At her side a sister standeth  
Bent on holy ministries,  
At her feet a brother kneeleth  
Who hath known death's mysteries.

Patient waiting, joyous hoping  
Flush again the pallid cheek,  
While her sweet eyes searching heaven  
For one vision only seek;

Straight beyond the blessed angels  
Sees she face benignly sweet,  
From her glad lips springs "*Rabboni!*"  
And her soul is at His feet.

---

### **Not Failure.**

Despised, misjudged, aweary,  
In the lists of life one fell,  
No hope had he of winning  
Good from the hand of ill.

With many wounds and deadly  
Prayed he for death—the sweet—  
No more the gathered foemen  
With broken lance to meet.

Lo, stood an angel by him  
With cup of heavenly wine,  
But sweeter than the goblet  
The word he spake, divine:

"Bade He who called to conflict  
That thou shouldst victory see,  
Or spake He but 'Be faithful,  
The rest abides with Me!' "



## **The Poet's Mantle.**

### *I.*

A poet died.—His mantle fell  
On whom?—The world it could not tell.

### *II.*

A day forgot, in lowly cot,  
A child was born—the world knew not.

### *III.*

He grew as grows the fawn and fern  
A child of mountain, wood and dearn;

### *IV.*

He learned their lessons in the light  
And slept upon their breasts at night:

### *V.*

He shunned the crowding, jostling mart,  
Its cries and cavils hurt his heart.

### *VI.*

His thoughts unto the past would turn,  
Communed with prophets sweet and stern;

### *VII.*

His eyes unto the future rose,  
He saw the clouds a flame disclose;

### *VIII.*

He read the prophet's message right,  
He felt the fiery gospel's might.—

### *IX.*

Was this the child—I can not tell—  
On whom the poet's mantle fell?

### **Miserere and Te Deum.**

"Weary, weary!" cried my spirit, sick of change  
and dark'ning pall;  
Deeming death but dismal gateway thro' an  
adamantine wall.  
Blindly groping, wildly hoping still to find some  
rest on earth,  
I had sought the balm of healing in the gayest  
halls of mirth;  
But the blessing, like a phantom, glided far  
beyond my reach,  
And the spirits of the revel smote me with their  
mocking speech.

#### *SPIRITS OF THE REVEL.*

"Turn away thou sorrow-laden  
Where no lights of pleasure shine  
Lest thy paling tears shall mingle  
With the purple of our wine,  
"Lest the shadows which are shaken  
From thy spirits' inner deep  
Fall upon our crested gardens  
Where our careless hearts-ease sleep;  
"We have met for song and revel,  
Why has sorrow entered here?  
Hast thou thought in weeds and willows  
E'er to taste our banquet's cheer?

“See this bowl with leaves encircled,  
Goblet meet for gods to hold!  
Taste the draught within—nepenthe  
Potent as in days of old!

“Fling away the yew and willow,  
Toss the dark-boughed cypress by  
In the song that floats around thee  
Heed no spirit's smothered cry;

“Bind thy brow with brightest berries,  
Grasp the tulip—lipped with fire—  
Let the tongues of flame upon it  
Quell thy spirit's wild desire;

“In the spell that falls upon thee  
Dream of neither lost nor dead,  
On the bread and wine of pleasure  
Let thy famished soul be fed.

“When the thorny crown of sorrow  
Thou hast changed for iris wreath,  
We will laugh and sing together  
Far from blighting pain and death.”

Scarcely were these wild notes ended than low  
chant my spirit heard  
Thrilling with its wondrous cadence, more than  
song from throat of bird;

Notes of pity, deep and holy, till my spirit bowed  
in prayer;  
Then a "Glory! glory! glory!" rang triumphant  
thro' the air;  
And as in a dim cathedral when the organ's note  
is dead,  
Music lingers, softly trembling, like a spirit that  
has fled,  
So these notes of seraphs' hymning, floating down  
the arching sky  
Are repeated in the chambers of my soul eternally.

*SERAPH VOICES.*

"One there is whom angels worship!  
Lo, His heart is pierced for thee;  
And thy thorny crown of sorrow  
First upon His brow did be!

"Waiting once where tomb encircled  
Life and Death together slept,  
Voices said, 'Behold He loved!'  
Others answered, 'Lo, He wept!'

"Angel wings in worship holy,  
Can not hide from Him thy face,  
Seraphim in fullest chorus  
Cannot hush thy prayers' sweet grace—

"What is that which draws us nearer?

But a broken, whispered word;  
Yet we strike our harps triumphant,  
For in heaven a prayer is heard!

"Glory! glory! now and ever

To the Holy Three in One.  
That a *Miserere's* ended  
And *Te Deum* is begun."

---

### Y'ggdrasil.

Y'ggdrasil—the towering Ash-tree—

Though disleafing hour by hour,  
Still with ever budding branches  
All Heimskringla doth embower;

At its root in realm of Hela,

Gnaws the Nidhög—dragon dread—  
But its fibers never loosen  
In the under-world of shade;—

'Neath its boughs three norns are sitting—

Drooping Urda, downcast, sad;  
And Verdandi, ever busy,  
And the third is Skuld the glad;

Water they from sacred fountain  
 Y'gǫgdrasil—the heaven-high—  
 Write in runes the lapse of nations  
 And of human destiny.

\* \* \* \* \*

'Tis the Ash-tree of existence—  
 Y'gǫgdrasil—the heaven-high—  
 And its roots in realm of Hela,  
 In the darken'd death-land lie.

Died a toiler in the market,  
 Fell a hero world-renown'd,  
 From high Y'gǫgdrasil—the life-tree—  
 They were leaves that fell to ground.

Of the norns by Mimer's fountain,  
 Drooping Urda is the Past,  
 Busy Present is Verdandi,  
 Skuld, the Future, is the last.



**"Hearts Most Pure and Simple."**

To travailing souls on Horeb  
The burning bush is shown;  
By hearts as white as lilies  
The Christ's sweet words are known.

To-day, through forest gardens  
And on the mountain stair,  
As they who walked in Eden,  
We with our Lord may fare;

On stony way-side tablets  
His writing we may trace,  
And see His loving gospel  
Within a violet's face.

For seer most pure and simple  
Unrolls the fern-leaf scroll,  
The parchment of the pine-tree  
Is open to his soul;

The spring-time's resurrection  
Is sermon plain as words;  
He hears an Easter anthem  
In carol of the birds.

The world, to such, is only  
Like eastern paradise,  
An outward circling garden  
Where palace walls arise;

The palace door may open  
At morn, or noon or night,  
And flood the little garden  
With heaven's effulgent light.

---

### **Ruined Cities of Mexico.**

Nature holds in sacred trust  
The secret of these cities,  
Covers with her robe their dust  
As whom a mother pities.

Mantling vines she close entwines  
Concealing empty spaces;  
Crimson leaves like purple wines  
Pour through their holy places.

Priestess of an ancient faith  
She waits a god's returning,  
Sunshine's fire, like altar-wraith,  
Her sacrificial burning.



**To the Crocus.**

Thou art a lighted taper  
In the hand of spring;  
Thy fair flame cleaves the vapor  
Like a wild-bird's wing.

Sweet Mother Earth beholding  
Lifts her blankets wet;  
While shaking them and folding  
She calls the violet.

Chained runlets see thy beacon  
And their fetters break,  
The water-falls awaken  
And their timbrels shake

Blue reeds their javelins quiver,  
Iris sword-blades spring  
From scabbards by the river  
At thy flickering.

Thro' sorrow's dreary winter  
Wandered one forlorn;  
Thy ray her gloom doth enter,  
Buds of hope are born.

### **The Cedar and the Pine.**

The cedars are a goodly folk  
Of old and honored line,  
Their tents are spread on Lebanon,  
They drink Mount Hermon's wine

The psalmist sweet of Israel  
Told of their strength and grace,  
And saith the song, "Like cedars fair  
Is my Beloved's face!"

---

I paused within a cedar grove  
'Neath trees of mighty girth,  
And prayed them tell me mysteries  
Of sky and sun and earth.

They stood as if entranced in dream  
Of Lebanon the high,  
Nor knew that I had questioned them  
Nor cared that I was nigh.

With saddened heart I turned away  
And sought our mountain pine;  
And knelt beneath its branches wide  
As kneeling at a shrine;

When straightway from its towering top  
And outward thro' the pine  
Its fringed branches trembled slight,  
It shook them for a sign.

And softly as from harpsichord,  
There came a murmur sweet==  
With faint æolian thrill of sound  
A cone fell at my feet.

On piney couch beneath the tree  
I breathed an air like wine,  
And listened to a spirit play  
The harp-strings of the pine.

Deep awed, I heard melodious runes  
Revealing earth's sweet mystery,  
And of the future of the world  
Triumphant songs of prophesy.

Tho' cedars crown Mount Lebanon  
And drink fair Hermon's wine,  
No charm of minstrelsy is theirs.=  
Chant on, my prophet-pine!

## Velvet and Lace.

### I.

A weaver moved his loom in the sun  
And patiently wrought till day was done.  
His pattern he took from the moss that grew  
Down at his feet, and from violets blue  
That dotted the mosses through and through.

And this is how the weaver wrought,  
The velvet that fair Inez bought.

### II.

A spider dropped his thread one day,—  
It fell across a spinner's way,  
The airy thread the spinner caught,  
And at his spindle tireless wrought  
'Till he had matched the spider's line  
With thread that wove a web as fine.

Thence came the dainty bridal lace  
That veiled the blushing Inez' face.



## To an Egyptian Lily.

### *I.*

Dost thou dream of lilies sweet  
Standing with their silver feet  
Hidden half in Égypt's sand,  
Lapped by waters cool and bland?  
Dost thou hear the winds that sigh  
Thro' the swaying papyri,  
Or the murmurs far away  
Where the feath'ry palm-trees sway?

### *II.*

By the darkly flowing Nile  
Lolls the sleepy crocodile;  
Heavy shadows that are shed  
From the gloomy pyramid,  
Are but semblance of the shade  
That on Égypt's face is laid.

### *III.*

Bald and blear by desert land  
Mountain tops in sunlight stand;  
On beyond in trackless path  
Burns the desert's fiery wrath;  
Bitter bane and blight they throw  
On the river smooth and low,

Yet thy beauty like a smile,  
Lights the darkly flowing Nile!

## IV.

Stainless flower of truth art thou!  
Light upon dark Nilus' brow!  
May'st thou, golden hearted bloom,  
With thy rareness of perfume,  
Holding all thy stainless life  
Thro' old Egypt's gloom and strife—  
Be of her a prophesy,  
Showing fairer destiny  
Rounding in the fruitful years—  
Egypt, standing 'mid her peers,  
Royal, stainless, fair light-crown'd  
All her galling chains unbound;  
Wearing gold and snow of truth,—  
Garb of an immortal youth.

### Elim.

*Exodus, xv: 27.*

Up from Marah's bitter waters  
Through the desert's sand and heat,  
Toiled the tribes of ancient Israel

With their weary, wandering feet;  
Came where waving palms of Elim

Cast their shadows dark and deep,  
And the valley fresh and fragrant  
Dreaming lay in dewy sleep.

There the splash of cooling fountains

And the streamlet's gentle fall  
Sounded to the weary pilgrims

Welcome as an angel's call;  
And they rested in their journey---

Spread their tents in palmy shade,  
Slaked their thirst where happy waters  
With the dewy grasses played.

So it is in life's long journey;

Oft we cross the desert waste,  
Linger by the wells of Marah

And their bitter waters taste.

Yet Jehovah leadeth surely

Unto Elim's cool and calm,  
Where beside His living fountains  
Grows the victor's waving palm!

And without life's wildernesses,  
All their weariness and pain,  
We, perchance, must miss forever  
Palm-girt Elims to attain;  
E'en the bitter wells of sorrow  
Turn to waters sweet and calm,  
And beside their healed fountains  
Swells at length a joyful psalm.

---

### **The Lesson.**

Count thou nothing hard or useless:  
Heavy burdens lifted high  
Give a stature and a strength,  
But the lesser things at length  
Thou shalt learn to magnify.

Smiles one, only for the comfort  
Of a little earth-tired child,  
From its blush-rose plucks the thorn,  
He shall find on heavenly morn  
When life's statue is unveiled,

He has given finer limning  
To his soul's uplifted face,  
Than on seraph's brow had shone  
If in mighty deeds alone  
Had been sought a royal place.



**"With Two Worlds' Wealth."**

Fair-browed babe, untouched by sin,  
Purest angels are thy kin;  
Sweetly art thou dreaming yet  
Of the realms that we forget,  
And the light within thine eyes  
Thou hast brought from fairer skies;

Accents of that vanished shore  
Linger in thy baby lore,  
Radiant smiles thy sweet lips wear  
For thy kin-folk in the air,  
While thy dimpled hands in glee  
Catch the gifts they bring to thee.  
Oft I find thee talking low,  
And thy fair face all aglow,—  
Alas! thy words I can not tell  
Though they hold me like a spell.

With these two worlds' wealth for thee  
Thou art sovereign more than we;  
Thou art wiser too, my king,  
For thou sittest questioning  
With a wisdom deeper far  
Than our truest answers are!

What do years that sit and wait  
In the purple halls of fate,  
Hold for thee, my baby king?  
Is it myrrh that they shall bring  
As their free-will offering?  
Myrrh and frankincense belong  
Only to the good and strong.

May I see, my laughing-eyed,  
When thy soul's strength shall be tried,  
That thou wearest royally  
Crown of man's nobility.

---

### **The House.**

We built a house—my heart and I—  
It stood before us fair and high.  
Its arches spanned with airy grace  
Tall balcony and fluted space  
Where thoughts, like wingéd birds might cling  
And fold their wings or flit and sing;  
Its far façades against the sky  
Took shape from clouds that floated by

Within was rest for heart and eyes,  
Each sep'rate place a glad surprise,—  
And yet no hammer's clarion sound  
Had broke the sacred stillness 'round.

We wrought alone—my heart and I—  
Upon a mountain, with the sky  
Cloudy-bastioned, arching nigh;  
Then other builders came and wrought  
Upon the pattern we had brought;  
And when they said their work was done,  
We came—and wept—at set of sun.

For lo, the house they had upreared  
Was not the one that had appeared  
Upon the mountain's summit high;  
And sore we wept, my heart and I.

The artisan I could not blame,  
He reared full well by rule and name  
What we had built—my heart and I—  
From thoughts within us and the sky!—

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In heaven, perchance, swift thought uprears  
The house that unto thought appears.

---

We build a house—my heart and I—  
To be our dwelling by and by.  
The light that shines where is no night  
Shall try the house, if it be right;  
And One who stands with truest meed  
Shall measure it with golden reed.

### **"Morte."**

Hush! the fairest hands I know  
Lie as still as lies the snow,  
And as white.

Sing! the hands that touch the Throne  
Are the ones that clasped thine own  
Yester-night.

Weep! the sweetest eyes of all  
Sealéd lie beneath the pall,  
Love-light flówn.

Look! where heavenly glory lies  
Smile on thee the same sweet eyes  
Sweeter grown.

---

### **What of the Night?**

Night winds with their fingers fine  
Sweep the harp-strings of the pine;  
Touch as with a courtier's grace,  
Brier-rose's sweet and blushing face;  
Praises tell to violets blue  
Draped in mosses, gemmed with dew.

Rivers widening deep and strong,  
Chant their purpose in a song;  
Pause in winding ways to kiss  
Little grasses into bliss;  
Mirror faithful from the skies  
Moon that lighted Paradise.

Wingéd shadows darkly sweep,  
Heavy night-dews silent weep,  
Star-shine sends its glory down  
On the grasses gem-set crown,  
Trailing moon-beams soft and white  
Fringe the seamless robe of night.

---

**To the Sea:**

O! thou mighty restless main,  
Groaning, travailing in thy pain,  
Almost human is thy cry  
Lifted to the bending sky.  
By thy strúggle and unrest,  
By the heaving of thy breast,  
By thy climbing but to fall,  
By the anguish of thy call,  
By the spreading of white hands  
On the even shifting sands,  
By thy raising thro' the air

Half an anthem half a prayer,  
By these all—and more than these—  
Comes the dawning of thy peace!

On thy bleached, silver sand  
Lo, a seer shall one day stand;  
He shall thro' the ages look,  
Reading from them as a book;  
Turn their leaves back to the page  
When the world began its age;  
Onward look with prophet's eye  
Thro' the cycles that still lie  
In the womb of Destiny!

He shall understand thy moan;  
He shall make thy pain his own  
Till he open as a scroll  
All the sorrows of thy soul;  
He shall be a mouth to thee  
And shall utter reverently  
All thy burdening mystery.

### **Monadnoc.**

Purple-vestured stands Monadnoc  
Just beyond our mother's door,  
And my heart goes out to meet it  
As the patriarch of yore

Went to meet on Plains of Mamre, ---  
As is writ in sacred scroll ---  
Holy messenger of heaven  
With a blessing for his soul.

Great Monadnoc bears a message  
Unto me who sit apart,  
Message full of grace and gladness  
To my weary, wayward heart;

No interpreter is needed  
'Tween the mountain and my soul,  
For its speech is plainer to me  
Than the lore of worldly school.

Up against the cloudy fleeces  
High it lifts its flowery bells  
And the music they are spilling  
Charms our plainer parallels;

All along its ferny edges  
Cling the rainbow scarfs of dew;  
Sway the dark pines on its ledges,  
Ever changeless, ever new.

Soft the mountain's purple garment  
Downward drifts about my face,  
'Till my fingers touch its fringes  
And its misty, sheeny lace.

Who am I, that great Monadnoc  
Looks down from the sky to greet?  
Only one who loves him duly,  
Gladly lingers at his feet.

When I come up worn and weary  
From the bustling, busy mart,  
Fullest welcome does he give me  
To his sturdy, steadfast heart.

Straightway falls from aching forehead  
Burd'ning crown of care and pain,  
And as one with oil anointed  
Healed—I turn to toil again.



## Eagle Wings.

### I.

We built us a nest in the cleft of the rock,  
We were close to the sky, and the storm's fierce  
    shock

    Broke over our nest,  
    And gave us its best  
    Of the lightning's fire,  
    Of the thunder's ire!

We heard the trumpets that blew through the sky,  
They almost touched us, they were so nigh!—  
We spread glad wings on the storm-cloud's crest  
And braved its bolts with exultant breast.  
Our cry went forth with the tempest strong,  
Our cry and the tempest made one song.

### II.

We build a nest in a valley fair,  
We part the grasses' flowing hair,  
And down mid dews and ferny things  
We fold a while our eagle wings.  
We feel the earth's warm pulses thrill,  
And hear her dewy buckets fill,  
We see a languor from the sun  
Through all the happy blossoms run.

Mid buds where ground-birds flit and sing  
We weave a nest of twig and string;  
We line it well with fringing moss—  
Can we e'er dream of lack or loss?  
'Tis softer than the aered nest  
Upon the mountain's rocky crest,  
And warmer here the sunbeams lie  
Than where the white cliffs fret the sky.

## III.

Far above us in the blue  
There are sounds that thrill us through  
Is it swoop of eagles high?  
Is it that their clarion cry  
Echoing through the stormy sky  
Wakens in our hearts reply?  
Ah! 'tis hard for eagles born  
Close against the brow of morn,  
To lie still in valley nest  
With its mossy fringes dressed.

### A June Idyl.

Listening where a river passes  
Through the ferns and meadow grasses,  
I can hear the dews distilling,  
Hear the tender buds afilling;

Flowery lips with joy unsealing,  
All their secrets are revealing;  
Happy roses soft unfolding  
Show me what their hearts are holding;

Little branches lightly swinging  
Set their faery bells a ringing  
Telling tales of summer weather  
Humming bees and purple heather

With the sweetness running over  
From the lips of honeyed clover,  
I have nectar richer, sweeter,  
Than the famous stores of Hybla!

Never king in royal palace  
Drank such wine from jeweled chalice,  
Though 'twere brewed by Bacchus olden,  
As I quaff from king-cups golden.

I have joys of newest forming ---  
Shining dew-drops every morning ---  
Nature opens wide her treasures,  
Lest me choose me out my pleasures,

Tells me that her shades of sadness  
Are but *sesames* to gladness;  
Shows me work and peace are sisters,  
Lest me hear their happy whispers.

\                      -----                      /

Dowered with strength from rock-ribbed mountain,  
Filled with laughter from the fountain,  
Dreaming where the sunbeams quiver,  
Fearless with the fearless river,  
Learn I lessons sweet and tender  
Of a richer, fuller splendor;  
Read in mount and meadow's meetness  
Of a holier completeness.



•

### A Winter Parable.

In undiscovered parallels  
Mid pole-star space an artist dwells;

He came to earth, grown dark and cold,  
And reared a new world from our old.

Behold it lie 'neath morning's rays,  
A gleaming, glittering world of praise.

'Tis like a childhood's fable sweet  
To see on earth this silver street,

To find our trees, at eve so bare,  
Now blossoming with crystals rare,

Our dwellings gemmed in triple whirl,  
Each sev'ral gate a single pearl!

---

Lo, from this wintry page I read  
A parable that suits my need,

At eve 'twas whispered, "One has died,"  
But now, "Behold the glorified!"

## The Path Across the Stream.

*"Before a shrine in this famous cathedral two forms reposed awaiting burial. One was a babe, sleeping as sweetly as on its mother's breast; the other was an aged grand-dame, but the expression upon her face was as peaceful as that of the child. At head and feet of both tapers were burning to light the departed spirits on their way.*

*"In our hearts we gave thanks for a faith lighting the dark passage from Life to Life."*

The billows gleam, how brightly gleam,  
Their light is from the heavenly shore;  
How fair the path across the stream.

Who walks in yon translucent beam  
Hath holy peace forever more—  
The billows gleam, how brightly gleam.

The child's white feet like lilies seem,  
His dimpled hands reach on before—  
How fair the path across the stream.

He smiles as in the sweetest dream  
While One we see not leads him o'er—  
The billows gleam, how brightly gleam.

Earth's thorny pathway, chill and breme,  
The aged feet shall tread no more—  
50 How fair the path across the stream.

Soft airs with wafted welcomes teem,  
One beckons from the nearing shore—  
The billows gleam, how brightly gleam;  
How fair the path across the stream.

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**In Raiment of Needle-Work.**

*Psalm 45.*

The daughter of the King is fair,  
Her garments trail with myrrh,  
And all the cassia of sweet life  
Like cloud encircles her;

The daughter of the King is fair,  
And to the King is brought  
In raiment of fine needle-work  
That her own hand hath wrought;

Its folds that are the fairest  
She wove in patient pain;  
Its flowers that are the rarest  
Were wet with sorrow's rain.

### **A Vision of the Thorn.**

Many visions come to me.  
Once upon a wild thorn-tree  
Saw I all its branches brown  
Bend and shape them to a crown;  
And the drops of dew that run  
Down the thorns shone in the sun  
Red as blood that kissed the thorn  
On the crucifixion morn.

Voice I heard as passion-low  
As a wood-dove's tremolo,  
Chanting in the thorny tree,  
Psalming, singing ceaselessly;  
"Felt the thorn Redemptive Blood  
Ere it flowed on Holy Rood!"

Showed the vision ere it fled  
"Who wears the thorn hath crownéd head."



### **The Valley and the Mountain Pass.**

Mountains once I sought to climb:  
But the purple heights sublime  
Towered so far above my head  
That I softly, sadly said,  
'Tis not meet that I should spoil  
All of sweet life with such toil;  
I will tarry here awhile  
Where the rose and river smile:  
Ease it gives my weary feet,  
And the river singing sweet,  
Bears away my soul's unrest  
Like a leaf upon its breast;  
Languid breath of lotus-bell  
Lades the air with dreamful spell,  
And I care no more to climb  
To the purple heights sublime.

Long I dallied by the stream  
Lost in light, delicious dream,  
'Till an Angel, sweet love sent  
From the upper firmament,  
Touched my soul with heavenly word  
And its deepest fountain stirred.  
Newly then my feet I turned,

Eagerly my spirit yearned  
For the purple heights sublime  
Which again I sought to climb.

But the feet that chose to stray  
Where but scented rose-leaves lay,  
Idly following so long  
Gentle river's soothing song,  
Found the mountains hard to tread,  
And the torrents fierce that sped  
Swift across the rugged way,  
Dark'ning e'en the face of day.

Yet the mountain-pass is shown  
Fairer than the valley, strown  
With its rose-leaves and its dew,  
With its river winding through  
Here, each day, my soul is fed  
On an eucharistic bread,  
Ev'ry upward step doth bring  
Strength to bear and heart to sing;  
And my Angel sweet Love sent  
From the upper firmament,  
Shows me where thick stars are set  
In a glorious coronet  
High above the steeps I climb,  
O'er the purple heights sublime.

M N E M E .

“Musing, the fire burned.”

**"Where Memory's Embers Lay."**

I caught a trailing wild-rose vine  
And bent it to a lyre;  
Pale roses swung, like wind-bells hung  
Along the bended brier;

At night I mused before the fire  
Where memory's embers lay;  
Lo! while I mused the embers glowed  
The lyre began to play.

### **The Casket.**

Curious casket—mystery—  
Carvéd margarite of the sea!  
All thy silent voicefulness  
Thrills my soul like strange caress.

Full thou art of mystic springs  
As a shell of whisperings;  
Quaint thou art as quaint can be  
Carvéd margarite of the sea!

Iridescent, flashing thing,  
Strangest fancies thou dost bring!  
What the powers that in thee sleep  
Troubling thus my spirit's deep?

Thou art quaint and sealéd tomb  
Where in cerements and gloom  
*Thoughts* are hidden, which like kings,  
Once were living, crownéd things.

### **The Willow and the Rose.**

Grew a rose-tree in its beauty  
By a river æons past;  
Graceful was its swaying shadow  
In the flowing river cast;

Brightest sunshine of the morning,  
Dewy chrism of the night,  
Gave the bush in pride and passion  
To a bud that like a light

On its slender stem uplifted  
Made a glory round the place;  
White as snow the rose-bud opened—  
Never flower had fairer face!

Close beside it grew a willow  
Tall and strong—a kingly tree—  
Its lithe branches lifted upward  
Were a goodly sight to see;

Pleasant to it was the sunshine,  
Pleasant was the tempest's strife,  
For its roots were deep and clasping  
And it felt a joy in life.

Shining veil of bride-like beauty,  
Woven by the sun and dew,  
Was the royal gift that morning  
O'er the opening rose-bud threw;

This the vision that awaited  
When the willow looked adown,  
And a thrill of pain and pleasure  
Shook the tall tree to its crown:

Then it ceased to watch above it  
Snowy clouds, a fringe with flame,  
Cared no longer for the sunshine  
Nor for any winds that came;

But it bent above the blossom  
From day's dawn unto its close,  
And a flush of love and gladness  
Lit the fair face of the rose.

This befell anear earth's morning,  
Summers passed as summers will,  
But the willow bendeth ever,  
And the rose is blushing still.

### The Gypsy Child.

My heart beguiled by gypsy child,  
In fancy roved like Zinc'li wild!

The sun-kissed grace of dusky face,  
The eye that told of bandit race,  
Were spells another might resist,  
But from my heart, the babe I kissed!

With hand upon her kerchief'd head,  
Sweet marvel in her eyes I read:

Then thinking of life's thorny way,  
Where hearts oft bleed and feet oft stray,  
I longed to see an angel's wing  
The little one o'er-shadowing.

With pride and joy the mother smiled  
That I should kiss her dark-brow'd child,

"Ah, lucky ye'er and proud!" she said,  
"List, would ye like your fortune read?"  
Why bid I not the sybil try,  
The gypsy crone with piercing eye?

Tho' change shall come, I know not how,  
I would not that the *then* be *now*.—



Still turns my heart with strange unrest  
To babe that lay on gypsy breast;  
May she of Ishmael's outcast race  
In Israel find a dwelling place.

---

### Gull Lake.

Down upon the blue lake's brink  
Once the wild fawns came to drink,  
Dipped the silver of their feet  
In the waters cool and sweet,  
Fed from off the sedgy bank  
On the grasses tall and dank,  
Slept among the shadows near  
Knowing neither haste nor fear.

Soon as fingers of the spring  
Loosed the waves to dance and sing,  
Came the wild ducks' happy fleet  
Sailing slow, with grace replete;  
There the stars that pant on high  
Trembled in a second sky;  
And the bird whose dainty nest  
Down among the reeds was pressed,  
Darting from the leafy bank  
Trimmed its feathers while it drank.

•

Now the hands of man have made  
Furrowed field where once was shade,  
And the waves that laughed all day  
Learn to toil as well as play.

But the clear lake flashes yet,  
Like a crystal emerald-set;  
Still its banks I know are fair  
With the willows' waving hair;  
Berries hang from trailing vines  
Over coves as still as shrines,  
Where clear waters pulsing slow  
Whiten with the lilies' snow.

Of its banks my memory tells  
Where pale orchids hang their bells,  
Where sweet violets white and blue  
Lift their meek eyes full of dew,  
Where the yellow cowslip springs,  
Where the lupine spreads its wings:  
On the hill-slopes, well I know,  
Where the bloodroots sprinkle snow,

Where 'neath leafy coverlid,  
Pale anemonies lie hid:  
Oft they gave me sweet surprise  
With their troops of laughing eyes,  
Coming ere the spring had kissed  
Winter's gray to amethyst.

There are coves I know full well  
Where I found the pearly shell,  
Trim as any dainty boat  
Ever fairy set afloat:  
Here, to-day, those shells repeat  
Rippling murmurs low and sweet.

In my soul's ear hear I oft  
Distant waters lapping soft;  
Often in my happy dreams  
See again their silver gleams,  
While I gather bloom and brake  
From thy margin, crystal lake.

---

**Annie Lee.**

I have waited, calling vainly  
For the little Annie Lee,  
'Till the blossoms fell like snow-flakes  
From the over-hanging tree;

For she left me in the autumn,  
When the days grew dark and chill  
When the withered leaves were falling  
And the warbler's note was still.

But she spoke to me in parting  
With a voice as sweet and low,  
As the voices are in heaven  
Where we all so long to go!

And she promised she would meet me  
When a few more days had flown,  
When the clouds had left the hilltops  
And the early flowers had grown,==

Now, the spring has brought the woodbine,  
And the apple boughs are fair  
With the blushes 'mong their petals  
Where the morning's fingers are.

All the breezes scatter gold-dust  
From the king-cups on the hill,  
Every bloom is dank with honey  
And the wild-bees drink their fill,

I have called through all the wood-land  
"I am waiting, Annie Lee!"  
But the forest softly sighing  
Sent the echoes back to me.

Still I know that she is waiting  
And sweet troth doth keep with me;  
In a land of brighter blossoms  
I shall clasp my Annie Lee.

### The Child and the Lilies.

In the thick growth of the rushes  
Where the waxen lilies lie,  
Where the star-flower shooteth upward  
Leafy arrows fair and high,

With white feet among the pebbles  
And the golden grains of sand,  
Stands a child—as fair as morning—  
Reaching out his eager hand;

He had caught the wond'rous gleaming  
Of the lilies white as snow,  
He has heard the waves beseeching,  
Calling to him soft and low,

And has left the rose ungathered,  
Left the wild thyme for the bee,  
And the daisies and the clover  
Tangled in a waving sea;

He has sought the peerless blossoms,  
Whiter than the white sea foam,  
Sought to draw them eager-fingered  
From the blue depths of their home:

His white feet are almost buried  
In the golden grains of sand,  
And the blue waves circling round him  
Gently draw him from the land;

His clear eyes are earnest, tender,  
As a purpose deepens there,  
And the longing of his spirit  
Is as tho' he breathed a prayer;

As the cool winds fan his forehead,  
Softly touch his paling cheeks,  
He is truer type of beauty  
Than the lilies which he seeks.

\* \* \* \* \*

Down among the shining pebbles  
And the golden grains of sand,  
Lies a child—as fair as morning—  
With a lily in his hand.

### Wild Roses.

Not the roses deep and full  
Making gardens beautiful, —  
Ope'ning fold on fold of silk,  
Red as blood or white as milk, —  
Are the blossoms set apart  
In "the holy" of my heart;

But sweet roses fair and wild  
That I loved most when a child  
Such as met me in the wood  
Symbols of kind angelhood;

Weary was the homeward way,  
Thro' a forest dark it lay,  
And my heart stood still with fear  
Mid its shadows dark and drear;  
But where all the shadows met  
In a jungle wild and wet,  
Burst these roses on my sight,  
Each a beacon of delight,  
Saying to my sad child heart  
God doth see thee where thou art,  
He who bids the roses be  
In His love doth go with thee!

Looking backward o'er life's dream,  
Still those wild-wood roses seem  
With their sea-shells' pinky fold,  
With their triple crown of gold,  
To my soul true ministers  
And kind heaven's interpreters;

And I sometimes think I know,  
That the same sweet roses grow  
In the gardens of the skies,  
Within the walls of paradise.

---

### **Childhood's Treasure.**

Through the world my childhood knew  
With its simple pleasures,  
Ran a brook of skies' own hue,==  
Dearest of my treasures!

Do its slight waves beckon still  
In the sunshine's glammers?  
Does their slender song yet trill  
As in olden summers?

In its purple and its gold  
Is the iris standing,  
Royal as the queen of old  
Mid the rushes bending?



Are the fern-leaves waving yet  
Where the foot-log crosses?  
Are the beds of violet  
Sweet among the mosses?

Do the rushes sway and bend  
As the light beck passes?  
Shining jewels doth it lend  
To the dipping grasses?

On it doth the forest shed  
Robe of purple splendor  
With its waving hem o'er-laid  
By the sunshine's finger?

---

**The Tress of Hair.**

Tress I have so silvery white  
Weft it seems of fair moon-light;  
Once it lay in shining fold  
O'er a face that men called old;  
Yet each joy and pain and care  
Left such lines of beauty there  
That it shines the dim years through,  
Sweetest face my childhood knew.

### **Memorial Day.**

Fadeless garlands would I lay  
On my playmate's grave to-day,  
Amaranth and immortelle,  
Changeless bay and asphodel;

I would weave them as no hand  
Knoweth how, in all the land  
To weave chaplets for the head  
Of a hero lying dead!

With the brightness of their bloom  
They should make his silent tomb  
Beautiful as love's surprise  
In the bowers of paradise.

But I may not bring to-day  
Amaranth nor wreath of bay,  
May not lay upon his tomb  
E'en so much as wild-rose bloom;

For afar his grave is made,  
'Neath the sky where once we played;  
Where in hours of early youth  
Grew our friendship's flower of truth.

Mayhap heaven bendeth down  
Nearer than our souls have known;  
He may even so receive  
This poor chaplet that I weave.

---

### **The Pilgrim's Staff.**

A pilgrim raised his head,  
For lo, an angel said—  
Azrael, the angel said,  
“This threshold is the last, yon fold  
Of cloud but hides the hills of gold!”  
The pilgrim's staff fell on the place,  
He passed beyond with lighted face.

Scarce touched his staff the sod  
When like the almond rod—  
The ancient almond rod,  
It burst to bud and bloom and seed,  
A symbol of the pilgrim's meed. —  
The rod shall blossom æons hence;  
One whispers, “Lo, 'tis influence!”

Flower fairer than it yet hath borne  
May ope on resurrection morn,

### Ullalie.

Once I dwelt with fisher folk  
In a hamlet by the sea,  
And my whole of love was given  
To the maiden Ullalie;

Ullalie, the fisher's daughter,  
With a face as lilies fair,  
With the sunshine's gold entangled  
In the light wefts of her hair;

All her life was full of beauty  
As her face was fair to see,  
And I could not choose but love her—  
Love the maiden Ullalie!

But alas, the gray sea loved her,  
Loved and wooed her tenderly  
Whispered to her morn and even  
Of his kingdom's mystery!

Told her of his strength and daring,  
Sang her songs of love most sweet,  
Brought her jewels for her wearing,  
Swept his white beard at her feet.

One pale eve he found her walking  
On the shelving shores alone,  
And in fond embrace he bore  
Downward to his jasper throne.

Evermore I sit and listen  
At the gateway of the sea,  
For my whole of love was given  
To the maiden Ulalie.

---

**Morning on Berkshire Hills.**

I looked beyond the Berkshire hills  
With reverent awe and wonder,  
Beyond the glinting mountain rills  
And burning bushes' splendor;

I thought to see Monadnoc's face  
New majesty revealing,  
But lo, a cloud swung down the space  
The mountain's brow concealing.

So, once, when Israel's seer of old  
Had faced the light eternal,  
Veiled was his brow, none might behold  
Its radiance supernal.

### **The Tomb.**

“

A tomb, I have, of granite stone,  
A rugged tomb with moss o'ergrown,  
Upon the stone before its door  
Is—“Obiit”—and nothing more.

By day and night I go alone,  
And roll away the heavy stone;  
I enter in the darken'd place,  
And lift the napkin from the face;

I press the lips, close-sealed and cold,  
To mine—with lack of smiles grown old—  
And wonder which is dead the while,  
Since neither mouth hath power to smile.

II.

The hour is come when I may take  
My pale, sweet dead, for mine own sake,  
And walk again the way that leads  
Mid leaping founts and flowery meads;

With eyes that smile I now can see  
The gifts her close hands hold for me,  
And lo, as writ with meaning wide,

“The tomb was in a garden side.”

**The "Forget-Me-Not."**

When blossoms first bedecked the earth  
In Eden's happy bowers,  
The Lord came down in cool of day  
And walked among His flowers;

To each He gave its fitting name,  
To each a loving word,  
And blessed the garden He had made  
Beholding it was good!

Again he came in cool of day,  
And walked among His flowers,  
But one He saw, a blossom fair,  
Was sad in Eden's bowers;

The loving Lord bent tenderly  
And raised its drooping head,  
When, "Lord, my name I have forgot!"  
The blue eyed blossom said;

No cruel word the Master gave,  
"Forget *Me* Not," spake He,  
And smiling on the sad, sweet flower,  
"Lo, *this* thy name shall be!"

### **My Old-Time Love and I.**

Far through forest aisles we wandered,  
He==my old-time love==and I,  
Where the shine and shadow mingle  
As in human destiny!

With caresses soft the breezes  
Brushed the furrows from each brow,  
Tossed our tresses light as when they  
Clustered gold instead of snow:

My thin hand lay half atremble  
In my lover's broader palm,  
While the peace of earth and heaven  
Folded us within its calm:

Low we read in realm enchanted,  
Poet fancies sweet and sage;  
Read our own long life-time story  
From illuminated page;

Saw where'er a tear had fallen,  
Or a little grave been made,  
There, the fairest flowers had clustered,  
There, the rarest gems were laid.



Thus we lingered till the twilight  
    Curtained o'er the arching skies,  
Then we came up from the woodland  
    Talking low in lover-wise,--

But you're smiling at my story,  
    It, perchance, should not be told,  
Though my heart so over-brimming  
    Scarcely can its gladness hold.

We, I know, have passed life's morning.  
    Stand beyond its golden noon,  
Linger in the closing twilight  
    Where the "good nights" come full soon;

But the love that blessed our morning  
    Making it a joy to see,  
Is the crown of all life's journey,  
    To my old-time Love and me.

**"Eaglets Have Been Reared in Such."**

On a mountain sloping northward,  
Mid its shadows dark and cold  
Where the fiercest winds were driven  
And the blackest storm-clouds rolled,

There, my childhood found its shelter==  
Eaglets have been reared in such==  
Knowing neither sunshine's glamour  
Nor the south-wind's gentle touch.

Gray and far the sky above me;==  
Yet I loved its silver shield,  
White and cold the snows around me  
Whence the avalanches pealed.

Yet I loved them==as the eagle  
Loves his aerie mid the snows==  
But he leaves it, but he spurns it  
When the larger world he knows!

Once I climbed to higher summits  
Overlooking all I knew,  
And it seemed the more I journeyed  
Somewhat still my footsteps drew,

'Till I reached a crag where looking  
Downward far on either hand,  
Cold I saw my home beneath me—  
But afar the valley land.

There, in sunshine rivers widened  
As my soul had never dreamed,  
There the forest and the meadow  
With rich flower and fruitage teemed.—

Does the eagle that has floated  
In the glory of the sun  
Seek again the hidden aerie  
Where his simple life begun?

---

### **The Shepherd.**

#### *I.*

Up mountain passes dark and steep  
An Alpine shepherd called his sheep;

#### *II.*

The rills that fed the vale below  
Had ceased their laughing overflow,

#### *III.*

And pastures green and dewy sweet  
Grew black and bare beneath the heat;

## IV.

But heights beyond the shepherd knew,  
Where waving wealth of grasses grew;

## V.

Where brooks leaped down the mountain pass  
And threw their diamonds o'er the grass.

## VI.

Unto the shadow of great rocks  
The Alpine shepherd called his flocks;

## VII.

But one there was with lambkin white  
That would not climb the rugged height

## VIII.

The shepherd turned from mountain crest,  
The lamb he laid upon his breast;

## IX.

Then came the mother to his side,  
And followed close the shepherd-guide.

---

X.

My own white lamb in sweetest rest  
Is borne upon The Shepherd's breast,

## XI.

I follow now up mountain side  
My snow white lamb and Shepherd guide,

## XII.

The path I thought a rough, dark way  
I find is lit with heavenly ray,

## XIII.

While He upon the mountain crest  
With my white lamb upon His breast,

## XIV.

Hath love ~~was~~ such love upon His face  
The mount doth grow a holy place.

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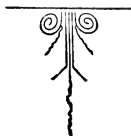
**Rockford.**

Are the changing years a myth?  
As the pine-tree whispereth,  
Voices whisper in my ear  
I had thought no more to hear;  
Distance but a mist doth seem  
O'er thee, city of my dream!

I can see thy river glide  
With its silver, sun-flecked tide;  
See it march with silent pace  
And with shadow-darkened face,  
Past the mounds that faithful keep  
Annals of a race that sleep;  
See it trip with silver feet  
Down its broad and rocky street,  
'Till it lingers wrapt in calms,  
Holding in its circling arms

Happy Island fair and blest,  
With its flower'd and ferny crest.

Unto fancy it doth seem  
The enchanted, mystic stream  
That the Poets say doth flow  
Past the "Isle of Long Ago."



AOIDE

And The Lyre.

**In The Pines.**

Night winds swept the heavy pines—  
Swept them mightily!  
Through their boughs an anthem rose  
Rich with harmony.

When the harp I sought to find  
In the piney tree,  
“Lo, the lyre is in thy heart!”  
Said the pine to me.



### A Song.

O tall and fair the lily stands,  
With stainless brow and golden bands;

She bends to me,

She sends to me

Across the fragrance of her breath

The sweetest word that lip e'er saith.

Thou, up and down the garden walk,  
Hast passed full oft my lily stalk.

But unto me,

And not to thee,

She sends across her fragrant breath

The sweetest word that lip e'er saith.

---

### "Who Would Not Be Endymion."

Who would not be Endymion

And sleep for aye and aye,

With thee, Saléné, woman fair,

To kiss his cares away!

And yet, methinks, tho' sleep were sweet  
And still and strong as death,  
Thy kiss would be the subtle spell  
To wake the bated breath:

Such light would flood this little mount  
As Latinus never knew,  
Endymion would crave to dwell  
On Graylock here with you.

---

### Odin.

God Odin, thou art kin of ours!  
Thy blood in English veins  
Thy thoughts, O Thinker, in our hearts,  
Compel to bold refrains.

Thy bale-fires leaping up the heights  
In Norseland's early days,  
Have caught along the hills of time  
And set the world ablaze!

Thy hero-heart that felt the thrill  
Of nature deep and grand,  
Saw further than thy children saw  
Through sky and sea and land:

The forces that were Jötuns grim  
Still match with mortal will,  
And valor=fiercely slaying fear=  
Hath holy virtue still.

Thy heart sincere, thy valor true,  
Have keyed these after-times  
And send a rugged ridge of truth  
Through later runes and rhymes.

---

### **Wild Strawberries.**

Wisest Merlin, dost thou know  
Where wild strawberry clusters grow?

“Down in tangled meadow grass  
Where light feet of children pass;

“Where the ground-bird’s nest is laid,  
Half in sun and half in shade;

“Where a rosy mist is spread  
O’er the fragrant clover’s bed;

“By the side of rippling streams  
Where the purple iris dreams;

“Where the wild-rose drinks the dew,  
And the violet wears its blue;

"Where the grapes' green cluster swings  
Where the blackberry trails its wings;

"Little maiden, now dost know  
Where wild strawberry clusters grow?"

Wisest Merlin, canst thou tell  
*How* their scarlet berries swell?

"Evening through the darkness brings  
Draughts of dew from unseen springs:

"Day by day is banquet spread  
Of the sunshine's goodly bread,

"Whispering winds enchantment bring,  
Rainbows arch them with their wing.

"Little maiden, now dost know  
How the scarlet berries grow?"

Wisest Merlin canst thou tell  
*Why* their scarlet berries swell?"

"Comes a maid with ruby lips,  
Rose-leaf palms and finger-tips,

"Pushes sheeny leaves apart  
Hiding berries' blood-red heart!

"Little maiden, now canst tell  
Why their scarlet berries swell?"

### A Spring Chorus.

A stranger minstrel passes on,  
Forsooth! he is a kingly one;  
His harp of gold  
'Neath mantle fold,  
Is waked to play with sweetest art  
By beating of the minstrel's heart.

On mountain side in vestal guise  
'Neath snowy robe one sleeping lies;  
She hears in dreams  
The gush of streams,  
And turning in her smiling rest  
Shows knotted violets o'er her breast.

Beside her, kneels the minstrel low,  
Forsooth! he doth more kingly grow,  
His harp of gold  
'Neath mantle fold,  
Is waked to play with sweetest art  
By beating of the minstrel's heart.

### **The Task.**

My task is hard—as hard as one  
Eurystheus gave of old—  
Yet I must dare the fiercest seas  
And bring the fruit of gold.

The dragon lives to guard the gate  
Of Hesper's orchard fair;  
And hardest fate! I do not know  
What way its portals are.

No night of rest may e'er be mine  
Nor day of languid ease,  
'Till I shall bring the fruit I seek  
From far Hesperides.

With dragons fierce I must contend,  
With storms on land and sea,  
With all I hate or fear or dread  
Must I in conflict be!

Yet all exulting to the task  
I cross an unknown sea,  
E'en Ladon will I force to give  
The guarded fruit to me.

### **The Golden Fleece.**

O'er morning's azure hills of peace  
Rove cloudy flocks with snowy fleece;

By shepherd wind the sheep are sent  
Across the ethery orient.

In coming thro' the gates of day,  
The rising tides dash golden spray

O'er azure hills and argent stars,  
And fleck the white moon's silver bars;

The waves of glory onward sweep  
To cloudy flocks of snow white sheep.---

One sought of old the golden fleece;---  
I find it on these hills of peace.

---

### **The Breeze---A Lover.**

A roving lover is the Breeze  
Awooing all my blooming trees,  
And like some other lovers here,  
He woos the beauty that is near!  
But yester morn he filled my rooms

With wreaths of snowy cherry blooms,  
Ere night the blushing apple boughs  
Confessed his kisses and his vows;  
To-day the peach has cheeks aflame,  
And trembles when he sighs her name:  
Ere night the fickle, faithless Breeze  
Will sing and sigh in other trees.

A moral's in my little song!  
I prythee, do not read it wrong.

---

### **Legend of Abraham and His Guest.**

At the door of Abraham's tent  
Stood a stranger old and bent,  
Craved to lay his staff aside  
And 'till the morrow there abide;—  
Forth the patriarch came with haste,  
Fullest welcome gave his guest;  
Brought cool water for his feet,  
And a kid most tender, sweet,  
From his herd he ordered dressed  
As a supper for his guest;  
This with cakes and milk he spread,  
And beside the meat and bread  
Laid fair clusters of the vine—  
Globes of Echol's purple wine,



Such as Israel's spies since found  
On the patriarch's vineyard ground.

Turned the old man to his food,  
But by neither look nor word  
Gave he token that he knew  
Unto whom all thanks are due.  
"Pause and honor thou thy God!"  
Came the patriarch's hasty word.  
But the stranger gray and old  
Answered with defiance bold:  
"Unto me no god is known  
Save the god of fire alone."

Abraham then in wrath and might  
Drove the old man from his sight.

Scarce beyond fair Mamre's oak  
Passed the stranger, ere there spoke  
Other Voice at Abraham's side:  
"Where now doth thy guest abide?"  
Bowed the patriarch with his face  
To the ground, for all the place  
Shone with light beyond the ray  
Of the sun in fullest day;  
From his lips low answer came,  
"Since he honored not Thy Name,  
Lord, I drove him from my door."  
Gently spoke the Voice once more:

“Lo! these hundred years I’ve borne  
All his folly, all his scorn,  
Couldst not thou but give him rest  
For one night?—He was thy guest.”

Humbly then the patriarch went,  
Led again into his tent  
Him, who, bent and gray and old  
Trembled in the storm and cold;  
Gave from fullest stores the best,  
With a blessing to his guest.

---

### **Robins.**

When the earth from slumber wakens  
At the soft kiss of the spring,  
Homeward haste the happy robins  
From their foreign wintering;

Seek again the tiny houses  
Where their last year’s loves were spent,  
Find them full of dry leaves drifted,  
And their smooth walls marred and rent

Yet they grieve not o’er their losses,  
But with sweet talk never stilled,  
Search the budding woods and orchards  
For new haunts where love may build;—

There they hear the happy whispers  
Of the young leaves hid away,  
Hear them as they wake a little,  
Asking of the coming May!

Robins know the pleasant stories  
That the April rain-drops tell,  
Thrilling with their gentle touches  
All the wild flowers of the dell;

First are they to see the violets  
Pushing folded leaves apart,  
With their blue eyes peering upward --  
Modest blooms so sweet of heart!

First to see the harebells swinging --  
Fair as robin's egg in hue --  
And to hear their clappers ringing  
For the banquets of the dew; --

In old orchards fair and fragrant  
With their wreath of mimic snow  
Lightly wreathing gnarled branches,  
Drifting on the ground below,

Find they nooks of sun and shadow,  
Where their weary wings may rest,  
Where their birdish loves are spoken,  
And they brood o'er happy nest,

O the pleasure of the spring-time,  
Full of wild birds' loving lore!  
O the gladness of the summer  
With its sweet work brimming e'er!

O the joy of first beholding  
Dainty wee things in the nest,  
And of feeling younglings quiver  
Close against the mother-breast!

O the earth's sweet wealth in rearing  
Darling nestful young and fair  
And of teaching wings to winnow  
Summer's blue and ample air!

Happy robins, do I wonder  
At the first breath of the spring,  
Ye so joyous, homeward hasten  
From your foreign wintering?

### **Marshes.**

Down in marshes cool and dank,  
'Mid thick grasses tall and rank,  
Where the deepest shadows sleep,  
And the silent sunbeams creep,  
Waving worlds of beauty lie  
Hidden from the careless eye;

All day long the morning clings  
'Round their cooling water springs;  
Slightest breezes shake the dew  
Into mists of rainbow hue,  
Dropping diamonds on the strings  
That the busy spider swings;

In the mosses soft and sweet  
Starry blossoms hide their feet,  
Spill their honey for the bees,  
Shake their fragrance to the breeze,  
Give a brightness to the grass,  
Nod to all the winds that pass;—

There the pitcher plant is set,  
And the water violet;  
There the willow's crimson stems  
Spring-time threads with silver gems,

While the summer's ardent rays  
Fire the grass with lilies' blaze.

Cowslips, with their disks of gold,  
Prank the marshes' velvet fold,  
And osmunda waves her plumes  
O'er the nymphæa's queenly blooms  
Pimpernel and sedges fair  
Mingle with the orchid's hair:

From white buds==like silver beads==  
Hanging thick among the reeds,  
Upward to the lark that sings  
By the gushing water springs,  
All the marshes' heart is full  
Of the gospel==Beautiful.

---

### **Enchanted Ground.**

Ye who weary with the load  
Borne upon life's dusty road,

Think ye that no fairies dwell  
On the mountain, in the dell?

Then your lessons ne'er were found  
Upon earth's enchanted ground;

Ye have read stern reason's book,  
Not from tree and cloud and brook;

Ye had learned far sweeter things  
From the woods and water-springs.

\* \* \* \* \*

When of fashion's cant I tire,  
And of wise men's words of fire,

Then to fairy folk I flee,  
Childhood's faith my *sesamé*,

Rarest secrets do they tell  
Of our sweet earth's miracle;

To her heart they lean so near  
Her unspoken thoughts they hear;

Hear her to her nurselings sing  
Loving lullabies of spring,

See her wrap their feet from cold  
'Neath her mantle's fleecy fold;—

Ere a seed from darkness springs,  
Or a flower unfolds its wings.

Ev'ry garden lies apart  
In the dreamland of her heart, —

Fairies see her teach the vine  
How its slender stem shall twine,  
How to grasp the oak that stands  
Reaching downward helping hands;  
They can tell the partridge's tune,  
How to laugh back to the loon;  
Why the wild ducks when they fly  
Write Greek *delta* on the sky;  
Why the ice on winter eves  
Mimics flowers and frouded leaves;  
They can teach us where to find  
All the music of the wind;  
Who doth tune the pine's harp-strings  
Where Pan's fluted reed still sings;  
How the wood-birds learn their lore,  
What the song the sky-larks pour  
From the bosom of the cloud where  
Music-flooded, rapture-bowed!  
Busy is each elf and sprite  
Sunny day and clouded night;  
Hast ne'er seen them guide the bees  
Unto honey-laden trees?



Seen them push the leaves apart  
'Till warm sunshine kissed the heart

Of wild strawberry chill and pale  
'Neath the grasses' heavy veil?

Their brown hands it is that spread  
Autumn leaves of gold and red

O'er the violet's tender head,  
O'er the queenly iris' bed.—

Fragrant fern and eglantare  
With the waving maiden-hair;

Deck the fairies' banquet hall,  
While the twinkling water-fall

With its tambourine doth fill  
Pauses of the whip-poor-will.—

Ye who weary with the load  
Borne upon life's dusty road,

Seek the child whose days are spent  
'Neath the forest's sun-flecked tent,

He will tell you with delight  
Where the fairies meet to-night.

Feasting with them in the glen  
Ye shall find your youth again.

## **King Frost's Wooing of the Rose.**

### *I.*

King Frost came down from the North Countree,  
Seeking a bride of high degree.

### *II.*

Armor he wore of a silver sheen,  
And diamond stars on his breast were seen;

### *III.*

He came in haste for his steeds were fleet,  
But his heart outran their flying feet;

### *IV.*

And near the close of an autumn day  
He paused where gardens in glory lay;

### *V.*

A stainless lily in satin dress  
Stood fair and lone in her saintliness;

### *VI.*

He passed her by, "She is white," said he,  
"As maidens are in the North Countree!"

### *VII.*

The lily drooped at his word of scorn,  
No fairer knight had she looked upon.

### *VIII.*

He paused not where the lady-in-mist  
By prince's feather was lightly kissed,

## IX.

Scarce glanced at poppies nodding and tall,  
But hastened on to a trellised wall

## X.

Where blushed a rose, and her breath was balm,  
Her velvet cheek with its beauty warm;

## XI.

The frost king whispered "Be mine, sweet rose!"  
What her lips answered nobody knows;

## XII.

Tho' in the annals of flowery lore  
'Tis written, the rose was seen no more.—

## XIII.

By trellised wall, on window pane,  
The morn showed pictures of waving grain,

## XIV.

Of Alpine vales and an edelweiss,  
Of drifting snows and a field of ice;

## XV.

Of vessels sailing o'er wind-swept seas,—  
But fairer than all and over these

## XVI.

Was traced—a knight with a silver crest  
Who bore a rose away on his breast.

**"Behold a Flower Went Forth to Grow."**

"'Tis the first of Nisan, Rachel,  
And at dawn, sweet wife, dost know,  
If the God of Israel willeth,  
I go to the plains to sow."

Then the good wife answered gently,  
With a touch of Hebrew pride,  
While her voice was sweet as fountains  
Unto Joseph at her side:

"May the God of Israel bless thee,  
Give to thee an hundred fold,  
Making all the plain at harvest  
Like a sea of rippling gold.

"Thou art right, oh, my beloved,  
For the winter's chilling blast,  
And the flooding rains of spring-time  
Like a fleeting dream are past;

"When the early morning breaketh  
And the shadows flee away,  
I will with thee to the palm trees;—  
Lack of thee brings weary day!

"May the Lord of harvest send thee  
Gentle dews from Hermon's crown,  
Let the sun-showers' gold betoken  
Richest harvest for thine own.

"And, beloved, son of Israel,  
Let us trust and work so well  
That, perchance, our God may show us  
Him of whom the prophets tell!"

\* \* \* \* \*

On the plain the son of Israel  
Sowed the seed to left, to right,  
Thinking less of golden harvest  
Than of prophet's words of might.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lo! anear the faithful sower  
Noting every grain of gold,  
Spake The One whom Israel waited,—  
He by prophets long foretold.

### **Lady Claude.**

Mirrored fair, Lord Leon's bride  
Lingers at the fountain's side;  
Crystal diamonds linked with pearls  
Hang among her heavy curls;

Lady Claude is very fair  
When no jewels bind her hair,  
But her diamonds are the pride  
Of the lordly Leon's bride.

Let the dewy grasses shake  
For this haughty lady's sake,  
Let her see what wealth of gems  
Deck the grasses' slender stems!

Lady Claude is queenly fair  
Crowned with wefts of sunny hair.  
Flowing down from brow to knee--  
Wavelets of a golden sea!--

From thy quiver, mighty sun,  
Let thy shining arrows run,  
Let them lie on wood and wold  
Like a gleaming crown of gold;

Let us see whose wealth is greatest,  
Which of these shall gleam the latest.

All thy gold, O sun, is bright,  
But the lady's locks are white.

---

**Calendulas.**

*"So called because they are in flower during the calends of each month  
---that is, during every month in the year."*

Not sheeny cups of malachite  
Uplifted to the sun,  
Nor slender urns of lilies white  
Can match my peerless one.  
I know a blossom thou shouldst see,  
The starry flower of constancy.

Calend'ulas with golden ray  
My love doth wear in troth-knot gay;  
She makes December fair as May!

One calls the rose his flower of love,  
The pansy is for thought;  
The minstrel winds that gaily rove  
Can have the rose for nought,  
And royal pansies will not stay  
In days of darkened destiny.

Calend'ulas with golden ray  
My lady wears in love-knot gay,  
She makes December fair as May!

When disappointments darken life,  
And winds grow winter-cold,  
My miser heart turns from the strife  
To love's unchanging gold;  
Dark shadows flee when once I see  
My priceless flower of constancy.

Calend'ulas, thro' darkest day  
My love doth wear in troth-knot gay;  
She makes December fair as May.

---

### **Roy and the Fairies.**

"Is it true that there are fairies?"  
Whispered Roy one summer day,  
When the lilies and the lupines  
Danced and nodded in their play;

And the mother answered softly,  
With a far off dreamy look  
As if reading from her childhood,  
And the sweet world's fairy book:



“Look, my Roy, into the rosebud  
 Where its fairest damask parts,  
*Something* very sweet is hidden  
 In its secret heart of hearts;

“Go among the bending grasses  
 While the trembling dew-drops cling,  
 Peer into the morning-glories  
 Where their purple trumpets swing;

“See which way the ferns are bowing,  
 Bending as if queens swept by;  
 Take your nap on mossy pillows  
 'Neath the blue tent of the sky;

“Linger oft'nest where the brooklet  
 Glides and glints 'neath branches green,  
 Come and tell me in the gloaming  
 All the sweet things you have seen.”

Roy is learning happy lessons,  
 And his eyes grow wonder-wide,  
 As he listens in the forest  
 To the voices at his side;

What he finds in rock and runlet,  
 What he learns from faun and elf—  
 Hidden secrets of the wild-wood—  
 He will tell one day himself.

### **The Poet.**

All day long the poet sings  
To a lyre with silver strings;  
In his soul he nightly hears  
Music of the starry spheres,  
Listens to the rythm low  
Tinted clouds make in their flow.

Forests with their waving hair  
Lure him from a world of care;  
There, 'neath shady baldachin,  
Sees he spiders weave and spin  
Threads of silver, webs of mist,  
Dewy-jeweled, sunshine kissed,  
Fittest woof to be the wear  
Of the poet's child of air!

He can read the faint designs  
Mosses write upon the pines,  
Or with lover's heart disclose  
Vedas of each flower that grows.  
'Neath the evening's veil of mist  
Hears he rose by dew-drop kissed,  
And the hours of midnight tolled  
By the lily's bell of gold.

Nature owns the poet's heart,  
Knows it is of her a part;  
Unto him she opes her store,  
Shows him all her mystic lore;  
For his joy she drops at night  
Ruby red and chrysolite;  
In the morning spreads anew  
Tints of every name and hue!

East and west and south and north,  
Through all lands she leads him forth;—  
Treading lofty mountain roads,  
Wears he purple like the gods,  
And in vales where waters sing  
Laughs he with the river king;—

Every morn she lifts the haze  
From more opal-tinted days,  
Each tomorrow leads him thro'  
Sweeter valleys than he knew;  
And the songs he sings the best  
Are those borrowed from her breast.

### **Jewels.**

Merry maidens count their jewels,  
Hold them upward sunshine-kissed,  
Name them as they drop them slowly,  
“Fiery opal, amethyst,

“Jasper-stone and burning ruby,  
Bride-like pearl, chalcedony;”—  
So the maidens count their jewels;—  
Only—only one have I!

But my jewel makes me richer  
Than the Sind whose marble floor  
He had piled with gold and jewels  
From its casement to its door.

Once a prince came proudly riding  
On a royal red-roan steed,  
“Ne’er drew rein so kingly rider!”  
Said my heart in very deed.

Though a royal minstrel, musing,  
By his zithern, seek to tell  
All the knight-hood of that rider,  
It were past his miracle!—

Heart! I could not still thy fleetness,  
And a glory swept the place;  
Was it but the sun at noon-day  
Or the love-light in his face?

On my hand his jewel fitted  
Makes me heart and brow a queen;  
Like a steadfast star it shineth  
Earthly shadowings between.

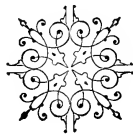
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**Sweet-Fern.**

Bit of courage! never daunted  
Though in rocky meadow planted  
Drawing strength from granite stone!  
Gladly grow in barren places,  
Thou hast by thy simple graces  
Made the rough rock like a throne.

Every breeze that has caressed thee,  
Every garment's hem that pressed thee  
Thou hast filled with fragrances.  
Sweet inspirer, prophet, preacher!  
Thou art dew-anointed teacher  
From the heavenly distances.

May I too lend gentle graces  
To life's hard and barren places.  
To each soul that touches mine  
Be new hope and courage given,  
Help to see, through clouds a-riven,  
Lights along the harbor line.



# LICHENS

From Life's Ledges.

### Lichens.

Hoary lichens creep and cling  
To the rough lip of the spring,  
Catching in their cups of gray  
Misty drops of silver spray.

Mimic goblets gray and white,  
As if grown in pale moonlight,  
Are ye beakers frosted fine,  
Deftly carved with quaint design—  
Beakers for the folk that dwell  
In the shadow-tented dell?

---

The mountain wears upon its breast  
The faithful lichens' silver crest;  
When winds are rough and storms assail  
They firmer cling nor droop nor quail.

Heart! thou wilt like the lichens prove  
Unflinching? They thy type of love?



### **Olive Leaves.**

Ashen pale leaves,  
Fashioned frail leaves  
From the sad Gethsemane!  
How grew ye leaves? What knew ye leaves  
Of the Passion's mystery,  
Of my Master's agony?  
What bloody sweat  
On Olivet,  
Drew ye with ichor from your tree?  
Ashen pale leaves,  
Broken frail leaves,  
For your sorrow fell ye  
In the sad Gethsemane?

---

### **The Statue.**

I bring my statue  
Into the public square  
Where all the torches glare;  
Their gathered light  
Shall prove my work,  
If it be right.

### **The Wraith of the River.**

Art thou the wraith of the dead, O! thou mist?  
Of the river in falling slain?  
Thus doth the soul of the water released  
To the heavens return again?

---

### **The Shrine.**

I came upon sweet Nature's shrine,  
The winds her vespers sung,  
Upon a rose-tree's crown of thorn  
Her beads of prayer were hung.

---

### **Flowers of the Night-Blooming Cereus.**

Carvéd cups of alabaster  
Sealed thro' all the light,  
Broken in the hush of even  
To anoint the feet of Night!

---

### **Seeking the Brook.**

I heard a song in treble sweet,  
Like rhythmic beat of fairy feet  
Atripping over silver sand  
Within a flower-embroidered land:

I followed where the soft song led  
By slender leash—a silver thread—  
'Till in the osier-curtained nook  
I met the blue eyes of the brook.

---

**The Brook.**

The little brook it was so fair,  
Its prattle was so sweet to hear,  
    With heart-o'erflow  
    It laughed so low,  
I longed to take up in my arms  
The little brook with all its charms  
    And carry it forever there.

---

**“Unto the Mountains of Hebo, to the Top of Pisgah.”**

Sometimes the world has a rugged path  
And we toil till our feet are pained,  
And our hearts grow faint as we stand at night  
And mourn that no more is gained.

But dawns at last a glorious morn,  
Or descends a star-girt night,  
When awed, we stand on the farthest hill  
With the home of our souls in sight.

### **The Queen, V. R.**

The Lord hath crowned her womanhood  
With coronation holy,  
Th' anointing oil of grief hath made  
Her kin unto the lowly.

---

### **The Blue Bird.**

Beautiful bluebird, where were you born?  
"In a cloudy nest in the azure dawn."  
  
Where learned your sweet and silvery note?  
"From the ripple of clouds that over us float."  
  
Why came from your cloudy bluebell nest?  
"To drop a new melody into your breast."

---

### **One Lieth Dead.**

One lieth dead since yester-morn  
Who long had borne the scorn of scorn;  
  
The hate of hate had been his bread;  
But for sweet love he lieth dead.

**Myself.**

I stand in awe and wonder much  
At this MYSELF I do not know.  
It oft eludes my power to hold  
And wanders where I cannot go.

With folded eyes I lie at night  
And sleep in imagery of death,  
Yet restless glides the strange MYSELF  
Through realms where mortal ne'er drew breath.

I turn with fear I cannot still  
From this mysterious self of mine  
To Him who wrought and still controls  
The mystery so near divine.

---

**"In the Desert Till the Day of His Showing  
Unto Israel."**

He who opens royal highway  
For the coming feet of Truth,  
Shrove hath kept in wildernesses,  
With the bread of man's distresses  
And the soulful cup of ruth.

### **"Nature's Song and Story."**

Not flaming sword nor cherubim  
    Could hinder Nature's song and story;  
    With heart attuned in Eden's glory  
She followed man to comfort him.

---

### **Summer Lying Dead.**

Down among the tangled grasses  
    Found I Summer lying dead,  
Shrouded in the leaves of Autumn,  
    Faded garlands round her head.

While I kneeling gazed upon her,  
    Sighing for her vanished grace,  
Longing for her rippling laughter,  
    Winter's white beard hid her face.

---

### **"The One Who Builds the Poorest.**

The one who builds the poorest  
    Has need to toil the more.  
For him whom naught can conquer  
    The gift is at the door.

### **For Me Alone.**

He made the desert dry and the bosky wood,  
The mountain's height and the river's road,  
The thorny track, and the mossy way,  
The fire by night and the cloud by day;—  
They all shall be when I am gone,  
Yet each was made for me alone.

---

### **"Lo! I am Day."**

Long, sad and dark her night of pain hath been;  
All her earth-life she hath known no other.  
Death came, and simply said, "Lo! I am Day,"  
Sweetly spoke, and low, as nursing mother.

---

### **The Dying Day.**

The sun—a cup of gold—  
The hand of day doth hold;  
It is a stirrup-cup  
She trembling, holdeth up.  
With cold gray lip  
Its wine doth sip;  
The blood-red wine from stirrup-cup  
Is shaken as she holds it up;  
It stains the cloud, the mount, the lea,  
Sinks the cup into the sea.

### Morning.

By hands unseen, light scarfs of mist  
Are lifted from the running rills  
That wind about the waking hills  
Like necklaces of amethyst.

---

### The Carven Lilies.

*"Once upon a time a walnut tree prayed that it might bear lilies." ...Fable*

Anguish thrills the listening wood  
As the cutter's ax rings out;  
'Tis the trees' beatitude,  
Falls the walnut with a shout!

---

Subtle skill the carver holds  
As he chisels night and morn.—  
Lo! from out the wood's dark folds  
Royal lilies have been born.

---

### Leaves.

Leaves are the little children  
The mother-tree doth keep;  
When summer's day is ended  
They lay them down to sleep.



### **Opals.**

My magi brought me opals.  
They are frozen tears, I said,  
Tears Eve in Eden shed!  
A luster from her shining eyes,  
The moon-light flooding paradise,  
Imprisoned lie in opals!

---

### **Justice.**

Very true the balance weigheth—  
Tho' its weighing be not fast,  
Brows that life to crowns has shapen  
They shall wear their crowns at last.

---

### **In Memoriam.**

*A. B. D.*

She brought me comfort that sad day.  
I called her "friend" in simple way,  
Nor knew her angel sweet and wise  
Because she stood in human guise.—  
Alas! that we should be so slow  
The angels at our side to know.

### **Osmunda Regalis.**

Royal Osmunda, lissom and fair  
With tresses light as a maiden's are,  
And breath as sweet as from rosy lips,  
Tell me, Osmunda, who sips, who sips?

Were I the wind that aroving goes,  
I'd find the nook where the Osmund grows  
And dwell with her in a vale apart  
Or bear Osmunda away on my heart.

---

### **Art.**

That is Art—the truest art—  
Which is Nature's counterpart,  
Showing in a younger face  
Imaged fair the mother's grace.

---

### **The Beck.**

Runs the beck with laughter wild,  
Leaping cliffs like gayest child.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the cold breast of the rocks  
Lie its thin and whitened locks.

**Hatalia.**

Art thou queen of fairy-hood,  
Or a woman rare  
Whose sweet spirit's inner mood  
Maketh grow so fair?

---

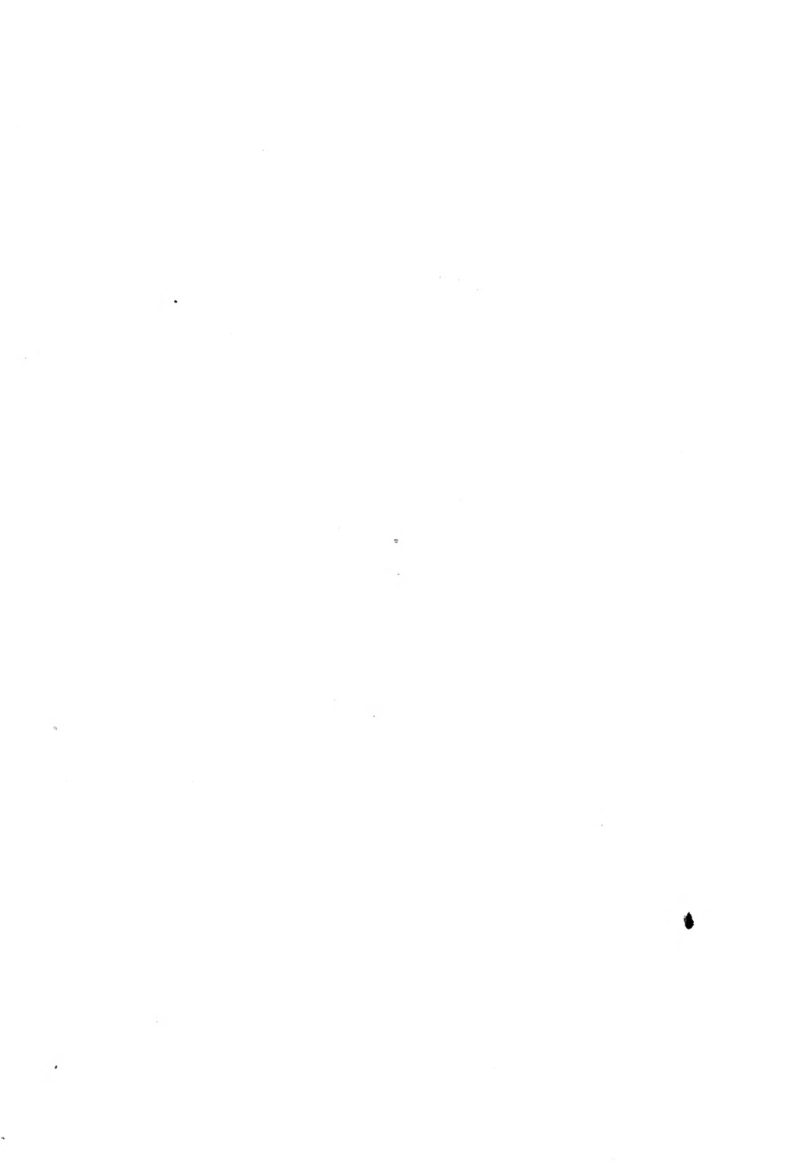
**Thy Giles.**

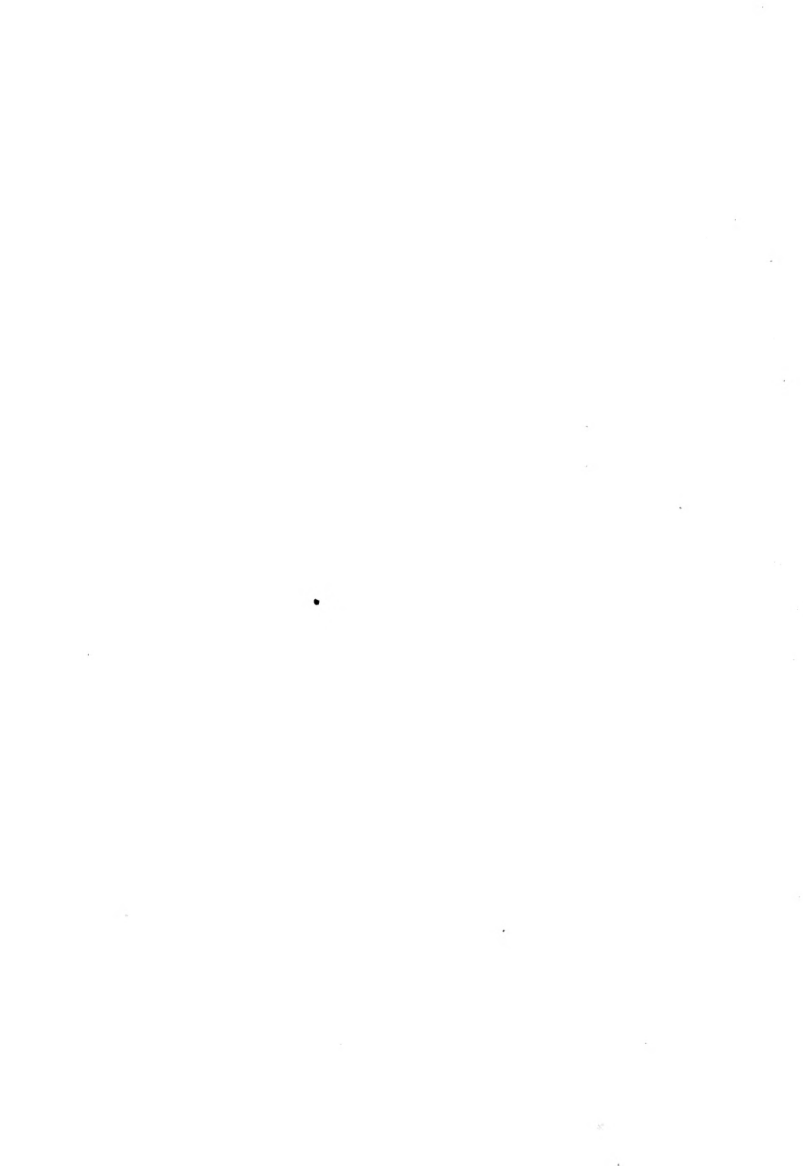
Know thou—the dark, the chill, the frost,  
None are upon thy garden lost.

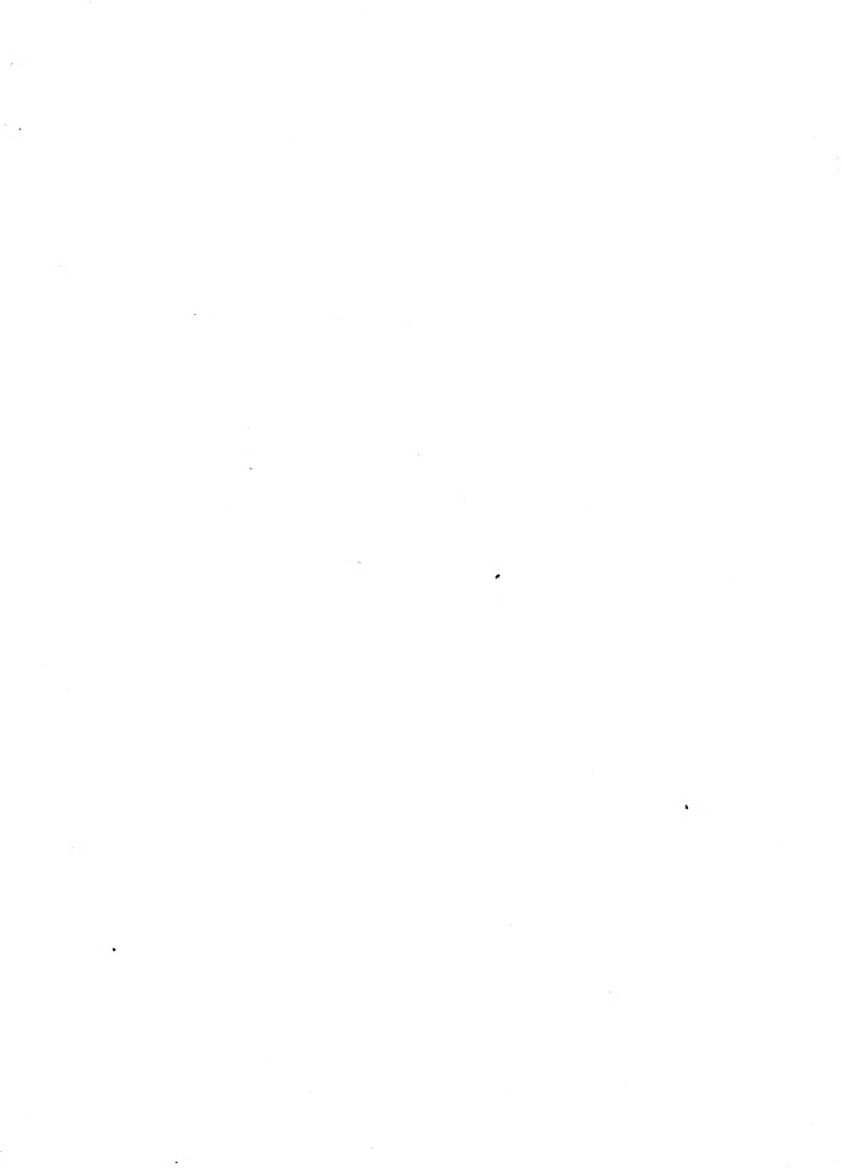
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Thy bower without these ministries  
Must lack its fair virginities.









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